

*Permissiveness of Saint John by G. E. Fenely
Christmas Bells, 1883 by J. E. H. Neales*

CENTENNIAL

CHRISTMAS!

With the Compliments

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Centennial Christmas.

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WRITTEN FOR "CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS."

CHRISTMAS BELLS, 1883.

By J. E. U. NEALE.



RING, Happy Christmas Bells!
your silver chime
With far-off Angel voices keepeth
time!
Ring "Peace on Earth"—Rejoice, O hearts
that mourn,
Lift up your heads—the Prince of Peace is
born!

Ring Christmas Bells, to-day—your music thrills
All hearts within this City of the Hills—
Whose graceful voices (softened, perhaps, with tears),
Give thanks to God for these last "Hundred years!"

O let their glad thanksgiving joyful make
The hearts of all God's poor—for His dear sake;
Let no one child in all St. John, at least,
Have need of wherewithal to "Keep the Feast!"

It is the *Children's Feast*, who have a right
To have their own sweet way on Christmas night;
And we, the older, must give place to them,
For Christ was once a child in Bethlehem!

Remember, too, the sick—whose weariness
Needeth a kindly hand to soothe and bless;
Ah, who can tell what wistful longing dwells
For them, in the sweet sound of Christmas Bells!

And you at whose Firesides the "Vacant chair"
Stands, sadly waiting one who once sat there;
The well beloved—without whose dear face
The world is but an empty barren place!

Be comforted—God took them—that is best;
Make some one in *their* stead a welcome guest—
And God shall bless you with a double share
Of love and joy to fill that vacant chair.

And you whose children gather round your knee
This Christmas tide—your joy and pride—Ah! me,
Think of the little ones as fair as they
Who share no tender mother's love to-day!

Know what you give to *them* to God is given—
And *orphans' prayers* are always heard in Heaven!
And, perhaps, some "boon" *you've* asked for long in vain,
Thro' their sweet guileless prayers you may obtain!

With generous hearts give noble charity
That knows not race, or creed; but royally
With lavish hand brings warmth and food and light
To all who need them on this blessed night!

WRITTEN FOR "CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS."

CHRISTMAS: A FANTASIA.

By REVEREND D. MACRAE, D. D.

"MAN grows gloomier and gloomier," says a contemporary writer, "but the child-like element in him is happily not dead yet." Nor will it die while the remembrance of last year's Christmas lives, and there is a child left to anticipate with beating heart the arrival of another, and to renew the wish: "Papa, I would like that there was a Christmas day every week!" We honor Mr. Grad-Grind, with his strict regard to matter-of-fact; but we do not love him. Why should it be forbidden to set imagination free, now and then, to wander at its own sweet will in the realms of fantasy? Let the children lead us for a little. Let us all for an hour or two revive the vanishing joys of childhood.

Christmas sends us back, by its customs of festivity and song and charity to centuries long antecedent to His birth who has made the day and period specially his own. The Magi came to welcome the babe in Bethlehem; and, ever since, Paganism in all its forms has laid its best at the feet, and left its worthiest in the train of Jesus. With a strange medley of Christian and Pagan rites,—relics of the Roman Saturnalia, when the very slaves enjoyed one day in the year of unlimited license,—relics of German revelry and Druidical superstitions,—we celebrate the birthday anniversary of the world's Redeemer. What matter that the Antiquarians have not yet succeeded in assuring themselves that the 25th of December is verily the day? Let them crack their nuts. We shall crack ours with none the less enjoyment and fearlessness of dyspepsia. Stand beneath the Mistletoe, my fair Lady Clara. Let the light of the Yule-log play with your shadow on the wall. What matter that, in yonder conventicle, some sour Puritan is proving to the heart's content of himself and his acidified hearers that mirth is the mark of the beast, and the sin that hath never forgiveness? "Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance. For Christmas comes but once a year, and therefore let's be merry!"

Let me give the little children a reason for loving our Queen in connection with the festivities of Xmas. The good St. Nicholas is perhaps the most widely popular in connection with festive-mirth of all the saints in the Calendar. A native of Asia-Minor, the adopted patron of Russia, the most honored of all the saints in southern Italy, in England, some four hundred churches are named after him; and now, in America, on one evening in the year, Santa Klaus is more devoutly thought of by at least one-half of the population—the juveniles—than is their Xmas pudding. Come away with me to yonder Alms-house, usually so prosaically grim. On this—on Xmas-eve—there is mirth in the Alms-house. St. Nicholas has planted a mysterious tree in a corner, which, all are assured, bears fruits unknown to earthly gardens. Oh, the delight of the little children! Aye, and of the grey-beards also; hoary sinners, some of them: but for one-half hour or so, they feel good. The introduction of the Xmas-tree with its lamps and toys and fruits and flowers and gifts that make young eyes glisten, and young voices shriek with delight, is due, among the English speaking

people of the globe, mainly, I believe, to the example and influence of our Queen, God bless her! Before her marriage, at any rate, the custom was unknown in England; and now, it is well-nigh universal. Perhaps, when grand political events with which her name is associated shall be forgotten, the establishment of the Xmas-tree in every household will perpetuate her memory.

Christmas is a medley. Its games, its carols, its religious observances in the morning, followed by its rare good-cheer in the afternoon, and its sports in the evening, blend piety and pastime in proportions somewhat bewildering to youthful minds. But one set of customs is connected with it which, above all others, does it true honor—its Charities. On the Eve before, according to old belief, the Powers of Darkness are prostrated, so that no evil influence can be exerted by them on mankind.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

The cattle, it is in some places believed, fall on their knees in their stalls at midnight, in adoration of the Saviour; bees buzz in their hives, and bread baked on Xmas-Eve never becomes mouldy. Assuredly, the bread cast abroad as Charity never moulds. In England, birds, beasts and beggars all receive unwanted regard. "A guid New Year, I wish thee, Maggie!" quoth Burns to his auld mare; "Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie"—an extra feed of corn, to-wit. And some keep up the old custom to this day at Xmas and New Year's. And as for the birds and beggars take these lines by a well-known English writer:

"Amidst the freezing sleet and snow, the timid robin comes;
In pity drive him not away, but scatter out your crumbs;
And leave your door upon the latch for whosoever comes;
The poorer they, more welcome give, and scatter out your crumbs.
All have to spare, none are too poor, when want with winter comes,
The loaf is never all your own, then scatter out the crumbs.
Soon winter falls upon your life, the day of reckoning comes;
Against your sins, by high decree, are weighed these scattered crumbs."

We will not vouch for the orthodoxy of the doctrine implied in the two last lines. But our editor has a wholesome horror of theological controversy; and, besides, controversy and Christmas do not rhyme. In fact, at this season, quarrels of all kinds, sorts and sizes should be forgotten. For one day, let all classes try to be brothers; the rich dealing out with liberal hand to the poor—the poor constrained to be amicable toward the rich. In view of the Gospel, according to Adam Smith, J. S. Mill, Malthus and Co., the professors of the Dismal Science—political economy, as Carlyle hath it—alms-giving is the most ruinous of immoral practises. Never mind. Be immoral to the utmost of your ability in this respect at Xmas time; and be content with the compensation of having diffused some temporary sunshine of joy, of having even momentarily dispersed some cloud of sorrow. And then, in the bosom of your own families, with boar's-head served on silver trenches, or peacock adorned with its gorgeous plumage, "food for lovers and meat for lords," or turkey, goose, roast beef, and tit-bits rare, "eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send a portion to them for whom nothing is prepared;" and rejoice without stint in the remembrance of Him around whom the glad angelic host sang:

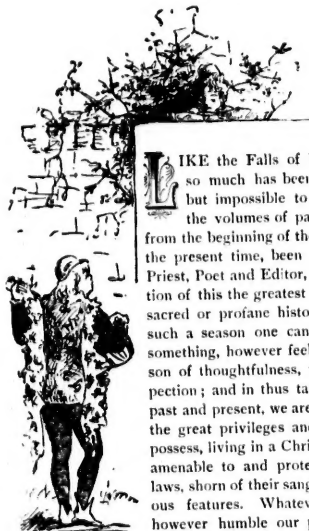
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to the children of men."

And so, to one and all, a MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WRITTEN FOR "CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS."

REMINISCENCES FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON IN ST. JOHN.

BY G. E. FENETY.



LIKE the Falls of Niagara of which so much has been written, it is all but impossible to add anything to the volumes of passages that have, from the beginning of the Christian Era to the present time, been devoted by Sage, Priest, Poet and Editor, to the contemplation of this the greatest event recorded in sacred or profane history. And yet, at such a season one cannot help but say something, however feeble, as it is a season of thoughtfulness, reflection, retrospection; and in thus taking note of time, past and present, we are brought to realize the great privileges and blessings we all possess, living in a Christian country, and amenable to and protected by Christian laws, shorn of their sanguinary and barbarous features. Whatever be our rank, however humble our position, no matter how miserable our circumstances, at this season we endeavor to ease the burthen of our sufferings and our sorrows, and feel that we ought to try and be happy, even though this season be short-lived and evanescent. A thousand years are but as a day to Him who framed the Universe. The days with us drag along wearily when looking forward to that which is coveted, but when passed they are like a weaver's shuttle, rapid in its flight, never continuous in one stay. Christmas Day, however, to the well ordered mind, has always been one of pleasure, as well as of thanksgiving. The pleasure is not alone that which we derive from the comforts of our hearths and the health and cheerfulness of our families—but the pleasure also of trying to do good to others—to administer from out of our abundance to the wants of the needy, the destitute, the suffering and the dying. The pleasure of looking back upon what we have done, or tried to do, whether in the cause of temperance, morality, charity—to reclaim the wanderer and backslider—to raise the fallen from the lowest depths of degradation and to restore him to his suffering family, that all may go on their way rejoicing. This is a pleasure indeed.

As it is a season of retrospection, and one of which it is sometimes pleasant to revive incidents of the olden time, I propose to take up topics as they suggest themselves in connection with the history of St. John, and hope that they may prove of some interest to the readers of the "CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS," especially the elder ones, whose memories only require to be awakened to bear witness to the statements.

YORK POINT FORTY YEARS AGO—THE VIGILANTS.

In 1841, there were no organized Night or Day Police in St. John, so that the rough element had pretty much the whole

city within its grasp, and was a terror to all law-abiding citizens. Justice was administered by the Aldermen, either in their own domiciles, or each, in turn, would attend at the Police Office, Market Square. Alderman Porter (a very worthy citizen), kept a store on King street, about where the Royal Hotel now stands, and from behind his counter he dispensed justice to all who came before him, and with a strictly impartial hand. There being no Vigilants then, in 1841, to keep the peace and prevent depredations upon persons and property; and York Point being considered at the time as the headquarters of sin — the birth-place of all the treasons, stratagems and crimes that were hatched in St. John, if there was any rowdiness at night, any false alarms, here was the quarter to look for the trouble in the first place. It is an axiom in the London Police that St. James is protected by watching St. Giles'. So with St. John forty years ago; if an eye were kept upon the *habitant* of York Point, the city was comparatively safe.

A few weeks before Christmas (1841) this bedlam of vice, suddenly broke loose — some of its worst spirits one night took it into their heads to destroy the city by faggot and sword. Persons passing through Dock street and in Portland were knocked down and trampled upon. Four central points of the city were set on fire at the same hour. It was premeditated that by kindling far apart, the hand-engines, being inefficient and limited in number, could not be concentrated in any one direction, and therefore the destruction in the unprotected parts would be inevitable. It was about eight o'clock; the night was dark and windy. The Mechanics' Institute, Trinity Church, a vacant house in Lower Cove, and another in the neighborhood of the Centenary Church, were all simultaneously set on fire, the combustibles for which were clearly traceable after the trouble was over. Fortunately it was early in the evening and the people were about, so that the several fires had not time to make headway. They were all put out without much damage having been done. Had the fires been kindled in the middle of the night, it is a question whether the great conflagration of 1877, would not have had a precursor or counterpart, equally terrible, forty years earlier.

The whole population was aroused. Terror prevailed on all sides. Nobody could tell where the next blow would likely fall. All the villainy of the place appeared to have suddenly broken loose, the desire being pillage, murder: every other abominable devilry that could be thought of haunted men's minds, with terrible apprehension, as if the town were in a state of siege, and at any moment the enemy might enter and wreak vengeance. I shall never forget that night. Next day a public meeting was called. The Court House was crowded. Resolutions were passed. The conclusion of the whole matter was that a Vigilant Committee should be at once organized, and that the streets of St. John be patrolled every night during the remainder of the winter. Upwards of four hundred citizens sprang forth and enrolled themselves; the patrol consisted of forty men, who turned out in turns, going on duty at eight o'clock each night and parading the streets, so many to each Ward, under captains for the several districts, until the dawn of day-light. People slept easier after that. From a list, which I possess, of the members of this Night Watch, I here give you the names of the captains, which may be of interest at the present day, and it will also furnish a commentary upon the shortness of life and food for solemn reflection at this Christmas season. It will be seen by this that out of the number of captains — sixty-four — but ten survive at this day — forty-two years after; and it may be added that out of four hundred and ten names (all familiar to me), I find but sixty survivors! The reader may judge by the list of captains here given, how far I am correct in regard to the whole.

I think I am accurate in placing stars opposite the names of the survivors — all the rest being dead:

NAMES OF CAPTAINS:

Adams, Charles	Lawton, James *	Robinson, J. M.
Barlow, Ezekiel	Leavitt, Daniel	Ray, G. T.
Barlow, Thomas, jr.	Lawrence, Alexander	Raymond, C. E. *
Besnard, Peter *	Leavitt, Thomas	Reed, Thomas
Clarke, John, jr.	Loggin, N. L.	Robertson, Alexander
DeVeler, L. H.	Lockhart, George A.	Stewart, C. C.
Everitt, F. C.	Leavitt, William	Smith, W. O.
Fairweather, Joseph	Loxett, G. L.	Sandall, John *
Faulke, W. D.	Malcom, James	Smith, T. M.
Foster, S. K. *	Matthew, R. S.	Smith, W. F.
Greenwood, F. W.	McAvoy, Thomas *	Stewart, James
Hallet, Samuel	McAvoy, John	Sears, John *
Hazen, K. L.	McLaughlin, D. J.	Street, W. H.
Hazen, Charles	Parks, Thomas	Thompson, M. *
Jarvis, F. L.	Perley, M. H.	Thomas, George *
Jordan, Samuel	Peters, T. W.	Thurgate, J. V.
Jack, Adam	Peters, B. L.	Tiedley, W.
Johnston, Charles	Parks, William	Ward, Charles
Irish, J. W. M.	Robertson, Robert	Wiggins, F. A. *
King, George	Robinson, G. D.	Wright, William
Knowles, E. F.	Robertson, W. A.	Wilson, J. (Sydney St.)
Ketchum, E.	Robertson, James	

ROYAL TREES.

The GLOBE of a recent date makes reference to scions from a famous willow (called the Perley Willow), having been planted in the Old Burial Ground in commemoration of a branch of the Perley family, during this Centennial year. This reminds me of another historical tree affair. When the Prince of Wales was born (I think in 1759), his father George the Third, planted in Windsor Forest, an oak, in honor of the occasion. How many bushels of acorns have sprung from this historic tree, I suppose no Arboriculturist in the world could possibly estimate; but it is said these acorns have been planted all over England, by persons wishing to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious Prince. I learn from tradition that several of these acorns found their way into New Brunswick in 1782, and were planted during the time or just prior to the occupation by the late Hon. Jonathan Odell, on the property on which Linden Hall, at Fredericton, now stands. One oak still survives, as the product of one of these acorns—a magnificent tree, though in some places showing marks of decay. As far as can be judged from date, as well as tradition, this oak may be called a Centennial oak. About two years ago in the fall, a large quantity of the acorns from this tree was planted in furrows, as an experiment—the next year they germinated and grew rapidly—this year they are handsome little trees, numbering about five hundred, of which the owner says he intends to make good use. Here then we have in New Brunswick real Centennial trees, the offspring of the hand that planted the parent stem, the same hand that withheld from the old Colonies their just rights until rebellion forced submission—the same hand that lost England half an empire, but that gained for the world a Republic that bids fair to outnumber and outshine any one of the great Nations of recorded history, sacred or profane. Many an illustrious family has no better or more legitimate claim to the blue blood that flows in its veins from an acknowledged stock than the lineage of these oaks, which are known to be of Royal descent, so far as the planting of a tree by a King can warrant the metaphor.

THE JANGLING OF THE BELLS.

Church Bells! What a world of recollection does this expression evoke! The peals began with our childhood—they rang us into the world, and the parting knell will be heard by the living as the grave closes over us. Then, there is music in the bells when rightly attuned. The carillon in Trinity Church Tower attests to the truth of this. But the Sunday chimes of Trinity some folks dislike. I like them. The objection is to the tremendous clangor of the isolated bells, in other towers in other parts, that at Christmas and on Sundays are mercilessly mauled by Titan arms, so that the air of St. John is rendered vocal like unto the sounds of an overcharged thunder cloud,

when it breaks forth into artillery peals, scaring the timid, disturbing the sick, and almost raising the dead. The hand-organ is a nuisance to the cockney, sometime the cause of suicide; but half-a-dozen big bells with brazen tongues, and all hanging at the same time, are, after all, a little more disturbing than the — hand-organ. The ringing of Bells to call people to Church in New York and the larger cities is gradually getting out of date. It is supposed that the people know the hour, even the minute, for going to church as well as the sexton, and therefore take note of time by their watches, and not as of old by their *clogs*. There was a time when nobody in the large hotels was supposed to know the dinner hour, until the gong sounded. The gong is now a relic of the past. The instincts of the stomach direct the footsteps to the right spot, and at the very right moment. The time will come, ere many Christmas days have rolled over and whitened our heads, when the Bells of St. John will be allowed a day of rest (on the Sabbath), like other things with tongues, or to be used only like the great bell in Independence Hall, once a year, viz: first, on Dominion Day, which is 1st July; and, second, *probably* on the 4th July, when the Nations gather together and in harmonious strains raise their praises to heaven through their bells, from one end of the Continent to the other — proclaiming the brotherhood of man, as one Nation under one Dynasty. Peace to all within as well as all without. From old England we inherit all the fame of bells and bell ringing, as we do everything else that is famous. "The English are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air," wrote Hentzner at the close of the sixteenth century, "such as firing of cannon, beating of drums and ringing of bells; it is common that a number of them which have got a glass in their heads do get up into some belfry, and ring bells for hours together for the sake of exercise. Hence this country has been called 'the ringing island.'" When the 15th Regiment was stationed in Fredericton, some twenty years ago, a crew of troops practised in the Cathedral Tower upon the bells almost every night in the week. There seemed to be a "sojor" to each of the seven or eight bells. They commenced their *exercises* about eight o'clock and kept the bells at work for an hour or two. Every man pulled at the rope for dear life, and the whole neighborhood, sick and well, had to submit to the infliction:

"He that hath no music in his soul, is fit for treason, stratagem and crime."

Such music, however, as is made by bells out of tune, or not used according to the gamut, is another thing. It is more likely to be the fomentor of treason, stratagem and crime, than of "Peace upon earth, and good will towards men."

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The hub of St. John, the pivotal point, upon which for the last forty-four years has turned all the wealth, fashion, beauty, chivalry, talents and learning, viz: the Mechanics' Institute, deserves a few moment's attention during these Christmas times and our Centennial anniversary. In the days of Roman wealth and grandeur the Coliseum was the great pole of patrician and plebeian attraction. The modern is like the ancient world. Paris has now her Opera House, of colossal dimensions, and so have New York and Chicago, where the loudest screaming in the world from male and female throats may be heard at fabulous prices—from ten dollars to three hundred; and yet the seats are nightly filled. Coming to St. John we have an *olla podrida* of amusements—a variety that is charming and suitable to every taste and at prices that meet the limits of the most meagre purses. Perhaps no one public building in the world has been more universally patronized since its erection than this, our great Temple of Learning and Fashion. Loyalty to society and duty

to one's self, have always been the pervading spirit—for not to attend the Monday night lecture, to see and be seen, to hear and to impart to your neighbors the gossip of the previous week, and the morsels of news floating in the St. John atmosphere continually, was considered to be a sad omission, if not a serious blunder. Even if sick and confined to bed all the rest of the week, we young folks (young forty years ago), always managed to find resolution and strength enough to turn out on Monday night, even should we "die in the attempt." How we would be missed, thought Eliza and Harry, if not seen in our accustomed places, near the "swamp!"

LECTURES AND LECTURERS IN THE PAST.

At the commencement, and for several years, there were two lectures in the week, viz: on Monday and Thursday nights. Finding that these could not be kept up regularly for want of matter, the Thursday night lecture was discontinued. From that time to this Monday night has been the grand rallying night of the week—from November to April. Lecturers were not paid until of late years. Our dependence was upon the domestic materials we had at hand. You may call it the mental N. P. of pre-Confederate days. I do not know but that our intellectual resources then would have compared well with the imported article of the present day. We certainly could understand our own men, and knew what they were driving at, when elucidating their subject and aiming to show the facts and the talking bearings of propositions they were demonstrating. We boys and girls could laugh and talk among ourselves and keep the run of the lecture at the same time. The recondite and philosophical passages we felt we could afford to miss. Then we had a sprinkling of laughing lectures—for which we made preparation a long time beforehand, by practising laughing in the looking glass the whole week before. Some of the girls by this means were enabled to giggle loud enough to be heard in the vestry of the Stone Church and far beyond. Beneath a vein of humor, running through these lectures, there was always a substratum of sound common sense, and the evidence of much research, and it is a question whether, after all, topics handled in a humorous, popular manner, being adapted to the ordinary understanding, are not more effective in producing good fruit, than a dry, prosy flow of words, incapable of throwing a ray of sunshine into the listener's mind, however able the treatment, or learned the lecturer, or popular the subject.

Moses H. Perley, Esq., was, perhaps, the most pleasing, if not polished, lecturer, that ever addressed the Institute. I have frequently heard him upon "The Rivers of New Brunswick." Perhaps no man in the Province had a wider range of information in regard to the resources of New Brunswick and its rivers, their courses, their heads, etc., etc., than Moses H. Perley. And then he had a happy faculty of imparting this information to others. He lectured extemporaneously; his presence was dignified and his actions exceedingly graceful. He carried his audience with him when tracing out upon a large map, prepared for the occasion, the devious courses of a river and explaining all the historical incidents connected with it, as well as its Indian traditions. Then we had Dr. Gesner, who, for several years, was the Provincial Geologist, at a salary of six hundred pounds, and whose theme was generally the science of which he was a master. The Doctor also lectured on Electricity. I remember one night how he knocked down and set on fire a mimic house on the lecture table, by directing a current of electricity by means of a wire stretched from the gallery to the platform, in order to show the effect of a thunder cloud in an overcharged condi-

tion. On another occasion an ox's head was brought upon the lecture stand, fresh from the slaughter house, (to illustrate the power of the galvanic battery), and, the scientific instruments being applied, the head opened its mouth, and also winked at the audience over and over again, much to the delight of the small fry. It had been previously arranged that the ox should be slaughtered in a neighboring place, half an hour before the lecturer should arrive at a passage in his subject when the experiment was about to be tried, so that the head could be removed from the body and carried forward while it was yet warm and the muscles not rigid, and at the very moment required. (Dead heads when cold, were then, as now, considered unfit to be galvanized into animation!) The experiment was certainly a scientific success; but I hardly think that at the present day it would be quite as acceptable. You see we have improved in our tastes considerably during the last thirty years! Another lecturer was Mr. Robert Fodis, who treated upon the subject of the Steam Engine, and sometimes on Mechanics. This gentleman's lectures were always interesting, as he was a well informed man and master of his subject. Dr. Patterson lectured on Chemistry and other scientific topics, and was always listened to with attention. Chemistry, however, was not so popular with a miscellaneous audience at that day, as other subjects before referred to, and therefore did not take so well. Peter Stubbs, Esq., frequently lectured on mechanical subjects. His lecture on Railroads was exceedingly interesting. A circular railroad, was placed over "the swamp," and cars and a miniature locomotive were set in motion, and railroad construction was explained while they were going round. W. R. M. Burtis, Esq., was also another of our lecturers. He was a man of fine parts—a little tedious at times but he possessed strong dialectic powers. As a lawyer, I knew of none who could more quickly perceive the intricate points of a case and knew how to chose a direct line of argument, whether for plaintiff or defendant; and yet those who did not intimately know him were ignorant of his abilities. Had he been a more energetic man Burtis would have ranked among our shining lawyers. Robertson Bayard, Esq., another legal gentleman, was a pleasant lecturer. If I remember correctly one of his subjects was Antiquity; and for an hour or so, he held us, moderns, spell-bound. Bayard was a very pleasant gentlemanly man, and everybody about town liked him. Then the Hon. John H. Gray (now Chief Justice Gray of British Columbia), was at home upon the Gulf Stream. Up to within thirty years ago the name of "John H. Gray" was as familiar to St. John, as that of Isaac Burpee, or S. L. Tilley, is to us now. He was polished in his manners and dignified in deportment; and I believe at heart he felt warmly disposed towards the most humble. Mr. Gray's speeches were as polished in their composition, as one might expect from so pleasing a person. Mr. George Blatch was also one of our platform speakers. His lectures on China were voluminous; they occupied four or five evenings, and were listened to with deep interest. About this time England was at war with China (as France is now or about to be), and Admiral Stopford was busily bombarding the coast lines and cutting up the Royal junks into kindling wood. The British forces had finally worked their way up to the capital (Pekin), and destroyed the magic stronghold, or Palace of the Cousin to the Sun and Moon, whose walls were built of jasper and agate, and whose courtyards were paved with gold and diamonds (so fancy painted all these things), and after entering the sacred precincts the troops looted, and came off more than conquerors, with their pockets

filled with treasures of fabulous value. Mr. Blatch's lectures were, therefore, at this time of more than usual interest—for people talked in the streets of nothing else but China, as we now talk about Mrs. Langtry, the National Policy, and Mr. Turnbull's Assessment letters and Major Grant's rebuttals—to say nothing of Confession and Absolution. George N. Smith, Esq., (father of Adam Smith, late of the St. Andrews "Standard," and of Mrs. Captain Akerly, Fredericton,) lectured upon Fine Arts. He was a gentleman well read in scientific subjects, and from whose lectures a vast fund of information was always to be gathered by the student. His mind ran strongly upon mathematics, but he had the happy faculty of touching a dry topic with luminous tints, so that his points could be easily discerned, and his matter rendered pleasing, if not popular. With the exception of one gentleman, the lecturers referred to have passed away—have crossed the boundary line which separates time from eternity. Their places are filled by others; but their memories will long survive in the recollection of our older frequenters of the Institute.

OLD FRIENDS OF THE INSTITUTE.

Perhaps no gentleman took a greater interest in the formation of the Institute than Thomas Daniel, Esq., (now a member of the Reform Club, London), who, with Mr. Holdsworth, started the London House in St. John, a memorable and honored establishment from the beginning; and I am happy to say it still flourishes, and maintains its old associates at the end of this Centennial year. Mr. Daniel was foremost in every good work (as Robert Jardine was afterwards), and, for public spirit, was regarded as a man equal to any occasion, and exerted a strong influence, especially among those who knew him best. Had Mr. Daniel remained in St. John he would, no doubt, occupy this day one of the highest positions in the Dominion. His departure (about thirty years ago) was greatly regretted by all classes; and, although for reasons best known to himself he changed the place of his abode, he still feels a warm attachment for St. John, where so many years of an active business life were so happily spent. So say his friends.

Henry Chubb was a young man that everybody loved. He was kind and amiable in disposition, and as true as his countenance was frank in expression. Mr. Chubb was in the earlier years of the Institute, Corresponding Secretary, and exerted no small influence among the young men of the day, in getting them to become members. He was on a visit to New York, on a marriage ceremony in the capacity of groomsman, in 1846 (?)—took sick there and was brought home a corpse in the same conveyance that brought the married couple. His father, afterwards Mayor of St. John, was wroth up in his son, as well he might be, and never got over the shock until the day of his death.

Who does not recall Robert Shives with pleasant reminiscences; he was at one time publisher of the "Amaranth" Magazine, and afterwards Government Emigration Agent. He, too, was one of the Institute's most zealous members, whether as a Director, or as a regular attendant. Mr. Shives was, perhaps, one of the best known young men about town; an evening social gathering among his friends would not have been complete without the presence of Robert Shives. As a man of fact none was more reliable. His knowledge of local incidents, past and present, was remarkable. "None knew him but to praise." It is only a few years since Mr. Shives passed away, at the age of, I think, 65. His memory will long live.

Who is this elderly gentleman walking down the centre aisle of the Hall, with several books under his arm, and making for a particular seat, as if it were his by prescriptive right. This is William Emslie, who, from the night that the Institute opened in 1837 or '38, until the last night of his existence—say 35 years afterwards—was never known to miss a lecture, no matter what the weather. I have been present when there were not more than fifty persons in the Hall, and "Willie Emslie," as he was familiarly called, was among the number. He came to be regarded as one of the main pillars of the Institute. Had it at any time given signs of decay in its funds, or otherwise, it is certain Mr. Emslie might have been counted upon as a strong support. In manner he was very agreeable. The guinea stamp of Burns would not have increased his value one iota, for his sturdy honesty and uprightness of character were well known. He, too, is among the buried dead.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS."

A CHRISTMAS TALE OF THE SEA.



"FIFTEEN years ago the present winter," said old Captain P. to our marine reporter, as he strolled into one of the favorite haunts for shipping men on Water street, "I was on a barque bound to St. John from Liverpool. We were in ballast. There were on board twelve souls all told, including the Captain's wife, a delicate, fragile little thing, and his little daughter, a veritable fairy, scarcely more than a year old. Need I add that the little one was the pet of the ship. She seemed to enjoy the company of the sailors, small as she was, and never seemed happier than when being cuddled in one of their arms. One grizzled old salt she took a particular fancy to. We could never tell how it was. There were plenty handsomer men than he on board the ship, but he had a tender heart, and somehow or other the little one had discovered the fact before we were a week out. Whenever he got a chance, and that was not very often,—for we had pretty dirty weather—he would go aft and steal a glimpse at the youngster, as he called it.

"Yes, we had dirty weather. There seemed to be nothing but 'nor-westers, and stiff ones at that, I tell you. We had seasawed over the whole chart, one day running to the southward, and the next tacking to the northward, until the prickings on the chart resembled the teeth of a buck-saw, as much as anything ever I saw. What little headway we made was dear bought. The weather the greater part of the time was intensely cold, and the hail descended on us so mercilessly as to bring the blood to the faces of some of the most weather-beaten of us. The sea seemed to be running a dozen different ways, and now and then the old barque plunged into it so deep that we thought she would never come out. Once or twice a huge wave would comb up along our broadside and strike the poor old craft with such force as to shiver every timber in her.

"We had hoped to spend our Christmas on New Brunswick shores, but fate had willed it otherwise. The bad weather had so prolonged our passage that Christmas had almost arrived before we crossed the Banks. For two or three days before Christmas we had terrible weather. No observations could be obtained either by night or day, and to add to our discomfort a blinding snow storm prevailed. Our Captain, who was an excellent sailor, grew downspirited, although the ship was perfectly tight and there seemed no immediate danger. He seemed to be impressed with the idea that his chronometer had led him astray, and as the sequel will show his fears were not altogether groundless.

"The day before Christmas opened cold and blustry, the snow coming down in blinding squalls, so that we could scarcely see the topgallant forecastle from the poop. All our light sails were stowed, in fact they had not been set but one or two days throughout the passage, and we were running under lower topsails. Every one on board was gloomy and dejected; even the smiles of the little one, nestled in her mother's arms, seemed

to have departed for the time being. A strange premonition of impending danger seemed to pervade everybody, and instead of the day being the joyous one we had anticipated, it was the most dismal one ever spent by any of us. As night approached, altho' the men in the second mate's watch could turn in, scarcely one of them got in his bunk. In low whispers they conversed, as they sat in darkness on a couple of trunks in the forecabin.

"Just before midnight, when Santa Claus should have been coming down the chimney, the look out shouted out 'breakers on the weather bow.' Instantly all hands were on deck; the helm was ordered hard-up, but the order came too late and in a trice we felt the vessel strike bottom. She rolled so heavily that the foremast snapped off, carrying with it one of our boats. Every moment she seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper. For a minute or two none knew what place it was that we had struck. But at last the Captain came to the conclusion that we were on the quick sands at Sable Island, and unless we succeeded in reaching the shore we would be buried where so many good ships had been buried before. The Captain's poor wife had broken down completely, and between worrying about her and his vessel the Captain was well nigh distracted. By some means—I never knew, for a falling block rendered me helpless—I reached the shore. The remainder of the crew, for they thought I had been drowned, were huddled together over the inanimate form of the Captain's wife, who was lying white and motionless on the frosty beach. The Captain himself, in his anxiety for his wife's safety, had left his little daughter to be brought ashore by one of the men, but he, poor fellow, was washed overboard and cast on the shore almost insensible. To attempt to reach the vessel to rescue the little one would have been sheer madness, and with a look of terrible sadness on his face that I shall never forget, the poor fellow picked up the seemingly lifeless body of his wife and staggered to one of the lighthouse stations, which we could now see about a mile off.

"More dead than alive we all were when we reached it. The water had soaked through our scanty clothing, which had now become as hard as iron by frost. We were well cared for by the men in charge of the station. The Captain's wife was placed in bed and restoratives applied. In a short time signs of returning consciousness could be observed, but knowing the love she felt for her poor lost darling, we almost wished that she had died without knowing the truth. Slowly life returned to the benumbed frame, and at length she opened her eyes and cried out for her little one. Not one of us could reply to her. Our tongues seemed for the instant to have lost their power of framing words. The poor husband ran from the room almost crazed, crying out in his agony of heart to his Father above. The stricken mother, with a last beseeching look at us, swooned dead away.

"We all sat staring at each other, our hearts too full for utterance. Not a dry eye could be seen. We had sat thus for perhaps half-an-hour, when a faint moan was heard at the door of the station. We thought it was the wind, which was now sighing mournfully around the dwelling. There was another moan and scarcely had the echo of it died out than some heavy object fell against the door. The Captain, who had returned to the room, jumped up and threw open the door. There lay our poor old grizzled messmate, whom none of us had missed until now. He was completely exhausted, and so encased in ice that he was scarcely recognizable. He was pulled into the light, when it was observed that he had a mysterious bundle done up in his oil skin. The bundle seemed to be imbued with life, for a faint movement could plainly be discerned, al-

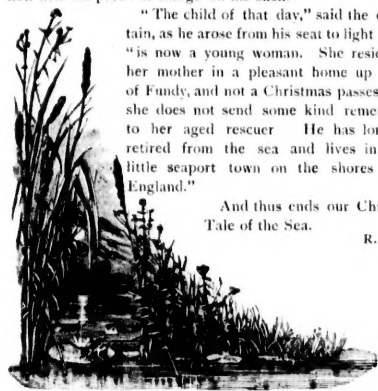
though the oil skin was as stiff as a board. With a sudden eagerness, born from a hope that had almost flickered out, the Captain ripped up the oil skin, and there tumbled out the form of his little daughter, her pretty peepers closed in sleep, but no sign of a scratch or bruise upon her. The eager manner in which the father snatched his lost lamb to his bosom, awakened the little darling, and a faint cry, which seemed to us the sweetest music we had ever heard, issued from her pearly lips. The cry of the little one penetrated the mother's ear, and in an ecstasy of fear and gladness she pressed her child to her heart and wept tears of joy. Meanwhile, poor old Jack had been aroused by a glass of strong grog and was seated on the floor rubbing his eyes and looking about him in a wondering fashion, apparently doubtful whether it was Davy's locker that he was in or a human habitation. In a short time he was able to stand on his feet. Need I say that we spent one of the happiest of Christmases. The little child, whom every body had given up for lost, grew more vivacious as the day wore on, and had we been dining on the fattest turkey St. John could produce, we could not have enjoyed our Christmas any more than we did.

"As soon as old Jack could find his tongue he was plied with questions as to where he had been and how he had rescued the youngster. He had been washed into the galley insensible and must have laid there an hour before he recovered consciousness. When he did, he found that all hands had deserted him. In despair as to what he should do he was about to cast himself into the sea and try to reach the land when he heard a faint cry proceeding from the cabin. At first he thought it must have been the wind whistling through the rigging, but again the sound came to him more distinctly than ever and the truth suddenly burst upon him. The little one had been left behind. To rescue the child appeared an impossibility, but he determined to run the risk, even though he should sacrifice his own life in the effort. It seemed to him as if Providence had intervened, and that the accident to himself was ordained that he might be the savior of the child. Imbued with this thought, he crawled along the deck towards the cabin, several times being almost washed overboard by the heavy seas that swept over the vessel. After several moments he reached the cabin and hastily tying the little one inside his oil skin he regained the deck. He was a good swimmer and with a farewell look at his ship, which was now almost level with the water, he jumped overboard. After a tremendous effort he gained the shore, and, weak and exhausted from cold and hunger, dragged himself to the station with his precious charge on his back."

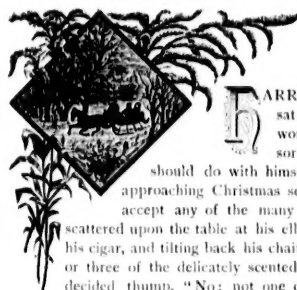
"The child of that day," said the old Captain, as he arose from his seat to light his pipe, "is now a young woman. She resides with her mother in a pleasant home up the Bay of Fundy, and not a Christmas passes by that she does not send some kind remembrance to her aged rescuer. He has long since retired from the sea and lives in a quiet little seaport town on the shores of old England."

And thus ends our Christmas
Tale of the Sea.

R. E. A.



WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS."



HARRY ALLINGHAM sat lazily smoking and wondering in a vague sort of way what he should do with himself during the fast approaching Christmas season. Should he accept any of the many invitations that lay scattered upon the table at his elbow? Laying aside his cigar, and tilting back his chair, he lazily read two or three of the delicately scented notes, then, with a decided thump, "No; not one of these people ask Ned and they know he goes where I go." Resuming his cigar, he said, watching the rings of grey smoke curling upward, "Precious little they care for me; its my money they like, if it goes they go, too, like smoke."

"I say, Hal, here is something that will please one member of the firm, I know," interrupted a gay, manly voice, and a good looking young fellow burst into the room and handed Allingham a letter.

The two young men were curiously alike, yet at the same time unlike; seeing them apart one might easily fancy them brothers, but when together, as now, that likeness ceased to be observable. Their companionship had something of the strange in it, too. Harry Allingham was a wealthy land-owner, with the right to the title Sir, while Ned Stevens was nobody. He was poor, gaining a precarious living by illustrating magazines, and occasionally painting a picture. He and Harry had known each other from the time they could first walk until they left college; and, finally, when the late Sir Henry Allingham died, leaving his son entirely alone, Harry came to London, hunted Ned up and lived with him ever since in three little rooms, one Ned's studio, in an unfashionable quarter of the city, much to the consternation of Sir Harry's friends; (for he soon made it understood that he accepted no invitations that did not include Ned), and to their own satisfaction, tho' sometimes, as Harry added easy chairs, curtains and many costly trifles to the meagre furnishings, Ned would remonstrate, but Harry thought a "Fellow could do as he liked with his part of the establishment, and if he wanted two chairs, whose business was it?"

Now, as he read the note Ned gave him, his face brightened, and he cried, "This is something like, Ned, my son, we go there for Christmas."

"Can't afford it, Hal, I haven't been extra lucky lately you know, and a visit to Jack Chilton at Christmas needs lots of cash. Sorry, but I can't go."

Hal looked out the window, whistled, fidgeted awhile, then said, "Ned, will you do me a favor? I want you to take—"

"No you don't. I shan't take a shilling. Aren't you always buying my pictures, fixing up my rooms and doing a hundred other things for me! No, old fellow, I can't take your money."

"Who wants you to take money, pepper-pot?" demanded Harry. "Now look here, Ned, you know I am nearly bothered to death by girls who want my money; well, I fancy I would like to be married for my own grand self, so if you will just consent to go to Chilton Square for Christmas and pass off as Sir Harry Allingham, Sir Harry will be only too glad to sail in under the title Edward Stevens, artist. What say you?"

"But, Hal," objected Ned, "You are as well known as the Queen herself."

"In London, maybe. Jack writes that we are the only Londoners invited, and I am not so vain as to imagine I am known out of London. Besides, we do look alike—same height, style and I can draw a pig that will look like any other living quadruped."

"Yes, and some girl will want to marry me for your money—pleasant; but, well I—don't know," continued Ned, seeing that Hal was bent upon the exchange and feeling that in obliging his friend in this he might be able in a measure to repay some of Hal's many kindnesses to him. "Well, yes, you may telegraph Chilton whenever you like."

"That's a good fellow; let's see, to-day is the fifth. We'll start for Chilton on the seventh."

Chilton Square is one of the grandest old places to be found anywhere in England. The house stands in the midst of stately oaks, its grey, turreted walls rising grim and stately here, there crowned with ivy and moss; its heavy iron-bound doors and small deep windows all suggested what in truth it was, an old Feudal Hall of a previous century; and the interior was no less attractive than the exterior. The long, broad walls with their open fire-places, the great square rooms, whose highly polished floors so often proved destructive to unskilful feet, the many curiosities—the Chiltons had all been great travellers—that filled every nook and corner, and above all else the secret passage and dungeon where one poor unhappy prisoner was said to have died, combined to give it that air of mystery and romance which made it so delightful a place in which to spend Christmas, or at least so thought Lady Chilton's friends; and thus, every 25th of December—and long before—found the Square crowded with gay young people, whose merry voices re-echoing round the grey, old walls, banished every trace of gloom.

It was now the 10th and all the guests were assembled, except two young ladies whom, being expected that afternoon, Chilton had driven to the station to meet, leaving the others to their own amusements, and as the day was dark and snowy they had nearly all decided that the blazing fire in the library was cosier than facing winter in its glory.

And how they talk, making and unmaking plans for future enjoyment, when suddenly in the midst of the babel Jack Chilton's voice is heard saying, "Here we are, safe and hungry," then "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me, Miss Estelle Greye and Miss Marquerite Henderson, and while we get warmed and refreshed you can see if you know which is which," and before any further explanation can be given he sweeps the whole party out of the room.

"The tall one is Miss Greye, a great belle, yer know," volunteers Fred Darce from out the shadow of the fire-place, adding, "Met her in Paris last season, is immensely rich, by jove."

"Who is the little one," then asked Sir Harry, but the entrance of Jack and the girls prevent any one from answering, and now Jack properly introduces them. Who the "little one" is, is soon decided from the way she waits upon regal Estelle, she can be no more than her companion.

At a time like the present it does not take young people long to become acquainted, and soon Estelle and Marquerite are chatting with the others, proposing tableaux and charades in a manner that shows them to be old hands at that sort of thing.

A few days after the arrival of Estelle and Marquerite, the gentlemen being absent on a shooting expedition, the two girls started off together for a long walk, intending to stop at the cottage of one of Lady Chilton's pensioners to deliver some necessities, then to go in the direction of Brimley and so home, a distance of some five or six miles. Though it was beautifully clear when they left Chilton Square, it soon began to snow, the sky grew dark and overcast, but the girls, used to walking and

rather enjoying the novelty of being in a storm, did not hasten any, and after delivering Lady Chilton's message and parcels kept on to Brimley. Suddenly they aroused themselves to the fact that it was snowing very, very hard, and that the darkness was fast settling round them. They quickened their pace almost to a run, and after a while Estelle said anxiously: "It seems to me, Marquerite, that we should have reached Brimley before?"

Before Marquerite could answer, the sound of voices and the barking of dogs was heard close beside them, and in a minute the girls were surrounded by the hunters, who were lost in amazement at meeting two young ladies in the midst of a storm so far from home. After the girls had explained the cause of their being out, and as they were walking towards home, Sir Harry Allingham said: "Twas very fortunate you met us, you were going directly from Brimley instead of toward it."

Lady Chilton and the other ladies were almost frantic until the whole party was safely housed, and not again would she hear of any one starting without the gentlemen for a long walk.

And so the days, filled in with every variety of amusement, hasten towards the 25th. Sir Harry had been captivated from the first night of meeting by Marquerite's sweet blue eyes and curly golden hair, while stately Estelle queened over poor Ned's susceptible heart. Yet it seemed as if the gentlemen were on their guard; they allowed themselves to be betrayed into no *lutealities*,—always contrived to have the merry sleigh rides in the big family sleigh which held a dozen or so. This was strange, and as Estelle said to Marquerite one night: "One would think they were actually afraid of us," a remark which showed that the ladies were not wholly indifferent to certain gentlemen.

There was, however, more actual truth in Estelle's remark than she or her companion dreamed of. Ned and Harry were afraid of the girls, but more so of themselves. "Sir Harry" could not forget that after Christmas he would doff his splendor, and he hesitated to ask Marquerite to share the fate of a struggling artist with him; and she, having learned to love him as the merry Sir Harry, thought "He is only amusing himself with me because he thinks me poor." Ned loved, and felt sure that if he were rich Sir Harry Estelle would look favorably upon him, but, as the poor artist, he knew she, knowing the world so well, must think him a "wretched fortune hunter." This was the condition of affairs on the morning of the 24th, and Harry and Ned, after a long talk, decided to "have it out" with the girls that evening. Ned saying the "have it out" in much the same tone he would have used if he had been going to have a tooth drawn.

Lady Chilton had decided to give a grand *bal masque* to welcome in Father Christmas, and so when evening shades gathered thickly around, lights peeped from window to window until the grand old house was all ablaze from "turret to foundation stone!" while within its lofty walls the scene is indescribable. The great rooms are crowded with people of every nationality and rank; pretty flower girls flirt with hooded friars; stately queens and merry jesters, noble knights and homely fish-wives, sombre night and brilliant day, walk arm in arm as if it was the most natural thing in the world for them to do so; or flash through the mazes of the dance with a very grave and graceful ease.

No happier hearts could be found than those belonging to our friends. Ned and Harry, feeling that a weight of anxiety was soon to be lifted from their minds, were their own gay selves, under the guise of Spanish Brigands, while Portia and Ophelia, for so the girls had chosen their characters, caught the infectious mirth of their companions and were strangely

happy, tho' they knew not why; and many were the heads turned to watch the two beautiful girls as they floated round the rooms on the arm of gallant cavaliers.

At last, as the hour of midnight drew near, the four found themselves in one of the tiny conservatories of the library; that they should manage to meet there seemed a little strange, but Estelle and Marquerite never doubted but that it was chance that brought them together. Judge of their surprise then, when the Brigands, unmasking. Sir Harry began: "Marquerite, Miss Gieye, we have a confession to make, and, like cowards, want your promise of forgiveness first." What could he mean they wondered, and after a minute of unbroken silence, Harry went on, "We have been sailing under false colors while here. In a word, I am Ned and Ned is me!" Then, seeing the look of utter bewilderment with which the girls were regarding them, Ned said: "Sir Harry has always been worried by young ladies who saw only his money, and having a romantic desire to be loved for his qualities, good and bad, he persuaded me to personate him while here—a thing perfectly easy, as we were unknown, except by Chilton, and he readily agreed to our plan. Now we come to you in our true positions; have we been unsuccessful in our masquerade?"

No need to ask Estelle, she, brave and true to the heart, went to Harry and, as he took her hands, whispered: "Harry, I can not love you more rich than I did when I thought you poor and unknown. If you care for me—"

If he cared for her! the little witch. Harry drew the sweet blushing face to his and kissed her passionately—words were useless.

And Ned, turning to Marquerite, said: "Can you leave home and friends to share a crust and love with me, Marquerite?"

"Oh, Mr. Stevens," she faltered, "I—I have deceived you too; I—" here she stopped, fearing to go on, for now she saw why her lover had hesitated to speak before, and dreaded the effect her disclosure would make.

"Marquerite!" Ned cried, with white face and blazing eyes, "Do not say you love another."

"No! No! I am not what you suppose, I am not Estelle's companion, but Marquerite Henderson Banforth!"

"Banforth!" Ned's brain reeled, "Marquerite Banforth, the daughter of one of the richest men in England and an heiress in her own right, while he—" They were not to be thought of in the same breath. She was farther from him now than if she had loved a thousand others. Something of this showed itself in Ned's face as he buried it in his hands with a groan of despair.

Then it was the bells in the tower burst forth in wild melody proclaiming the birth of another Christmas far and wide, and the voices of the waits in the court below rang out clear and strong:

"Peace on Earth, Good will to Men."

"Ned," said a soft voice, "Ned your Christmas gift is waiting your acceptance;" turning Ned saw Marquerite with a shy, proud look on her sweet face, holding her hands outstretched to him, and the voices below softly sang:

"Peace on Earth! Good will to Men."

This year a merry party will gather at Chilton Square, and among them will be some old friends, Lady and Sir Harry Allingham and Mrs. and Mrs. Stevens, who join in wishing those of our friends interested in this their love story—"As happy a fate and as Merry a Christmas!"



CHRISTMAS DAY.



I.
TIS Christmas-tide, when joy bells ring
A merry welcome to the morn!
'Tis Christmas-tide, when children sing
Glad carols of the Saviour born!
'Tis Christmas-tide and one sweet strain
Seems every heart and voice to fill—
The old, old story told again
Of "Peace on earth—to men good will."

II.
We wander down the village street,
And past the hedge-rows white with snow,
And many an old acquaintance greet
With loving welcome as we go;
For full of rest is every heart,
The very air is wondrous still;
Christ's birth-sweet promise doth impart
Of "Peace on earth, to men good will."

III.
We linger by the old church tower,
And hear the glad bells' merry peal;
They seem endowed with wondrous power
To speak the thoughts which we but feel,
They tell of right for every wrong,
Of glad release from every ill;
They sing the herald angels' song
Of "Peace on earth, to men good will."

IV.
And now within the church we stand,
And hear the joyous anthem ring
From high-arched roof with cadence grand—
A carol of the Saviour king;
And children's voices greet our ear,
Soft as the tones of babbling rill,
Telling in accents sweet and clear,
Of "Peace on earth, to men good will."

V.
Anon we leave the church, and meet
Old friends around the Christmas fire,
And hearts to hearts responsive beat
With all the love the hours inspire;
All angry thoughts must pass away,
Resentment we must strive to kill,
Since on the first glad Christmas day
Came "Peace on earth, to men good will."

Gaily ring the old church bells,
What is it they say?
Christian people all rejoice,
It is Christmas Day.
Lay your work, your sorrows by,
Happy be and gay,
For but once in the long year
Cometh Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS.



NOW has come again the day beloved alike of old and young—the merry Christmas time, when all the world is glad. It commemorates the advent of peace and good-will on earth, and its very essence is loving kindness. Peace now to all dogmas and disbeliefs, peace to care and trouble—gladness rules the hour. For now we rejoice in the common hope of humanity, the common brotherhood of mankind, the equality of rich and poor, bond and free, high and low, in the loving care of the great Creator of all. 'Tis the season to make children happy, to remember the poor, to give good gifts to friends, to kindle the fires of hospitality—a time of joy, charity, and freedom from the corroding cares that beset us on all other days.

It is an inspiring thought that on this day of all the year we rejoice with all the Christian world; we partake of the happiness of all mankind. All over this broad land, across the wide ocean, in crowded Europe, so diverse in races, languages and creeds, in distant Asia, in benighted Africa, in the isles of the Pacific, in the new continent of Australia, the glad thrill of the world's happiness is felt, and this day is a holy and a happy one. No other event binds all mankind in one common bond of love and charity.

On such a day as this the one ingredient to be universally diffused is gladness. It is not merely a duty, it is a pleasure to make all happy. Good will and a smiling countenance, at least, all can bring to this common festival. No sour looks, no sordid considerations, no tightening of the purse-strings, but good wishes, kind words, cheerful giving, hopeful deeds, should mark this day.

It is peculiarly the children's time, and no less a time when all may grow young again in the recollection of children's joys. Some of us are old enough to remember that there were no Christmas days in the long ago of New England; all the more reason that we should rejoice that this glad season has come to the land of the Puritans, to dispel its lingering asceticism and brighten the dark days of its wintry clime. What happy recollections the children of to-day will have of merry Christmas, old Santa Claus, the well-filled stocking or the fruitful Christmas tree! These things will shed a radiance through all their after lives. Let us think of this, and do all we can to send joy and happiness down through the coming years.

When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day;
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls,
And all the night the heavens shine,
With lustre of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas!" in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas tree;
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "Merry Christmas" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angels' song—
"Glory be to God above!
On earth be peace and helpful love!"
And on the streets, or hearts within,
The Christmas carollings begin.



CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.



IT was then that Christmas was the day of all days; and amidst the general license, all kinds of tricks of the wildest nature were practised. We are told that "all England, from the sovereign to the beggar, went mumming in strange dresses and masks." Some dressed themselves in the most grotesque costumes, impersonating animals and fish, and even old Satan himself might be seen "walking to and fro upon the face of the earth," with his huge tail thrown over his arm and a fiendish leer on his countenance, as he drew after him his cloven foot. Those who could not thus attire themselves blackened their faces, and clad in white, kept the nervous old spinsters of the neighborhood in constant terror. In every parish, a Lord of Misrule was chosen (after the fashion of the Romish slaves, who were allowed to select one of their number as lord during the Saturnalia) and this person, with a troop of idle fellows, in dresses of a glaring color, covered with ribbons, went about shouting and drumming, sometimes entering churches during divine service. As time sped, however, and the people became educated, these performances disappeared, and Christmas decorations, with holly, bay, rosemary and laurel took the place of these masquerading customs; and simpler and more rational games succeeded the noisy revellings of those dark ages. Our popular Christmas amusements at the present day are somewhat multiplied, and embrace still many of those introduced in the time of our fathers.

TROLLOPE'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

WHILE I was writing "The Way We Live Now," I was called upon by the proprietors of the *Graphic* for a Christmas story. I feel, with regard to literature, somewhat as I suppose an upholsterer and undertaker feels when he is called upon to supply a funeral. He has to supply it, however distasteful it may be. It is his business, and he will starve if he neglect it. So have I felt that, when anything in the shape of a novel was required, I was bound to produce it. Nothing can be more distasteful to me than to have to give a relish of Christmas to what I write. I feel the humbug implied by the nature of the order. A Christmas story, in the proper sense, should be the ebullition of some mind anxious to instil others with a desire for Christmas religious thought, or Christmas festivities, or better still, with Christmas charity. Such was the case with Dickens when he wrote his first two Christmas stories. But since that the things written annually—all of which have been fixed to Christmas like children's toys to a Christmas tree—have had no real savor of Christmas about them. I had done two or three before. Alas! at this very moment I have one to write, which I have promised to supply within three weeks of this time—the picture-makers always requiring a long interval—as to which I have in vain been cudgelling my brain for the last month. I can't send away the order to another shop, but I do not know how I shall ever get the coffin made.—*Autobiography of Anthony Trollope.*

Now shake old Christmas by the hand,
In kindness let him dwell;
He's a klag of right good company,
And we should treat him well.

A GREETING.



CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS, which gives you kindly greeting, gentle reader, owes its existence to a desire on the part of the publishers of the SAINT JOHN GLOBE to mark, in some way in connection with their journal, the flight of time and the city's Centennial Christmas. There are rare and lovely flowers which bloom but once in a century, or which exhale their fragrance for the brief midnight hour of a summer day. Like the occasion which gives it birth the life of this publication passes away. Feel then, that its greeting is the more hearty, its wishes for your happiness the more sincere because these it can never renew. Its short-lived hour is all for you. If you find in it nothing more you will, at least, be able to make its brief existence an emblem of passing time. You

can reflect that the century that has sped is but a flower that has bloomed; that one human life is but as one issue of a journal—the record of a passing day. But CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS is not a preacher. It is a memorial of an important event. One hundred years ago the first Christmas Day here celebrated—as we count our city's history from the Landing of the Loyalists—was observed amid many privations, and, perhaps, with no very great rejoicing. Doubtless there had been more joyous Christmas celebrations, on the banks of the St. John River, for the day is not one that Christian France ever neglected. But as the years passed, and wealth accumulated and the population increased, as hope enlarged and charity extended their bounds, and faith exerted her benign influence in the ever growing number of Christian churches, we have been able to forget whatever there was of gloom in the first Christmas; and the festival each year has exhibited more and more of true religious fervor, of Christian thankfulness, and, not least, of human thoughtfulness. All that we have to rejoice over in the way of worldly wealth in the Christmas of to-day, is the fruit of what we humbly trust is most acceptable to the Great Creator: of unwearied labor and toil, sustained and supplemented by just and wise frugality. Here grow no rare fruits spontaneously from the soil; here spring not up unbidden the wheat and the bearded rye; here are no thousand hills on which the cattle of the Lord fatten without toil of man. Yet we have much to be thankful for, much for which we ought to be grateful; much to justify a strong feeling of manly pride. The collection of wooden huts—and of canvas tents—which, in 1783, contained the population of St. John, is replaced in 1883 by a fine array of solid brick structures, by well-filled stores and by comfortable dwellings; the spires of many churches point to the sky. For all men there is full liberty of worship; there are ample facilities for the education of the young; there are institutions for the spread of art, of literature, of science, all of them accessible to every one, and some of them free. On every hand the works of charity abound.

Besides all that we see at home the ocean is whitened by the sails of our ships; and the sons and daughters of New Brunswick in many lands exert an influence for good upon the people among whom they sojourn. What has been accomplished has not been reached by a smooth, straight roadway. The upward path has many turns, and much of it has been sharp and jagged. All who recollect the Christmas of 1877 will have some idea of an experience to which the city of St. John has been more than once subject. But adversity has her uses, and misfortune is not always an enemy. Fire tries and purifies all things, man included. And so here, amid much that is sordid and narrow and trivial, and, perhaps, base, there is much that is great and ennobling. No one thinks that enough has been accomplished. There are repinings that more has not been done. This is a good thing. If our aspirations are great, if we set up high ideals, we may fall short in the attainment, but we gain by the struggle. Of those who have passed away, who did their work faithfully, who strove to do better than they did, let us say nothing but what is good, let us remember them with gratitude: not merely the founders but all the forefathers of our city, the pioneers in all the work, religious, political, secular, literary, fraternal, in which, or in some part of which, we are now toiling, so that in what we do we may lay as sure foundation for those who follow, as we inherit from those who preceded us, and thus fit ourselves to

—“Join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.”

Thus shall we connect ourselves with the past and with the future—thus unite the first Centennial Christmas of our city with its first Christmas Day, and, we trust, with many future Centennial Christmases, when all who write or read to-day shall have passed away, but when there shall rise here a fairer, statelier, godlier city, the home of thousands and hundreds of thousands of men, quick with the full sense of human kindness, aglow with the spirit of Christian charity—the truest, noblest, best of their race, who, as year after year they greet each other with Christmas hopes and wishes, can turn backward their thoughts to the toilers and strugglers of this Centennial Christmas who are now with wholesome pride, and unflinching courage, and cherished visions of a greater future, seeking to erect here not merely walls of brick and stone, “cupolas, pinnacles, and points,” but the masonry unseen of true and noble hearts.

One word more. Mankind, the race to which we belong, country, require of us consideration and devotion; but when we come to fix our earthly affections, they attach themselves most firmly to that spot of earth in which is HOME, the city in which are the homes of our kinsmen and friends, and all who are working and toiling with us, and walking the same pathway towards the setting sun. We shall serve best our country if we serve well the city in which we live. Youth, flushed with bright anticipation and burning with hopeful aspiration, looks to a wider field, a broader arena for the display of talent, for the exercise of energy, for the fulfilment of destiny, but labor in the widest field, effort in the broadest arena, are consistent with the fullest measure of devotion and love to home and city. All that makes a city gay, happy, and prosperous, all that dignifies and ennobles life within its borders, is for the good of all mankind. Let this not be forgotten, and, in striving to enlarge, to beautify, to elevate the city in which we live, we shall consecrate our work as a patriotic offering on the altar of the commonwealth.

EDITOR.

A CENTENNIAL POEM.

Early in the present year the proprietors of the St. John GLOBE offered a prize for a Poem commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the City of St. John. Thirty-seven poems were sent in, and the judges—Rev. D. Macrae, D. D., B. Lester Peters, Esq., and Geo. J. Chubb, Esq.—decided in favor of the following:

ODE FOR 15TH MAY, A. D. 1883.

BY W. P. DOLE.

OUT from the lovely land that gave them birth,
From pleasant homes that generous charas displayed,
From sacred altars, and the hallowed earth
Where their forefathers slept, in honour laid,
Our grandsires passed,—a brave, determined band,
Driven by hard Fate,—
As men were driven of old,
Whose story hath been told
In lofty epic strain,—
To plant, with toil and pain,
Upon a distant shore, and in a strange, wild land
A new and glorious State.

Now, on this festal day,
Wake the proud spirit they
Gave to their sons:
Still warm within our veins,
Pure still from falsehood's stains,
Their true blood runs.

Though on their way no cloudy column of fire
Shielded from harm, and lit the gloomy night,
Led by the light which noble thoughts inspire,
With calm resolve to firmly do the right,
They left the rest to Him whose will doth reign
In Earth and Heaven:—
In all whose works they saw
The Order, Truth and Law
They sought to keep
Fixed as foundations deep,
That should their Faith and State and Liberty sustain,
Where'er new homes were given.

Nor were their labors vain:
Here shall their Faith remain
Spotless and free;
Here wise and equal laws
Still shall uphold the cause
Of Truth and Liberty.

'Mid savage scenes, and in the forests wild
Our fathers toiled with patient, manly hearts,
Till stubborn rocks and gloomy wild-woods smiled
With golden harvest fruits, and happy arts
Of Peace and Industry enriched the land

With bounteous store:
Brave wives and daughters cheered
All that was dark, nor feared
With ready hands to bear
In each sore task a share,

Till large, and bright and fair,—
A goodly heritage—they saw their country stand,
Far along hill and dale and sounding shore.

Nor want, nor climate cold
Chilled the breasts strong and bold,
Loyal and true,
Which pain and weariness,—
All forms of dire distress,—
Failed to subdue.

Where once unbroken, pathless forests stood,
Where savage men and beasts alone heid sway,
While shadowy streams flowed on their silent way,
Now Commerce spreads her fertilizing flood,
And crowds with busy life each river, port and bay,

Cities and towns and temples fair,
Thousands of happy homes stand where,
Driven by the stern decree of Fate,
And by the burning hate
Of brothers armed in an unnatural war,
Our Loyalists, an hundred years ago,
Led by the pale North Star,
Founded the free young State,
We as our own New Brunswick know.

And now, forgetting all the fratricidal strife,
Forgiving all the wrongs their sires endured,
The Sons of Loyalists, enjoying the large life
By Toil and Hope and Faith and Love secured,
Welcome with open hand and heart,
Welcome with Friendship leal and true,
Each man who bears his honest part,
And does what Duty bids him do,
No matter what his nation's name,
No matter whence or when he came
Welcome give all, for their dear sake
Who fortunes, hopes, lives put at stake,
That all mankind might know
From what a mighty race they sprung,
Our sires, who here to Duty clung
An hundred years ago.

Wide over hill and plain
Sound the triumphant strain
That hymns their praise:
High in the free, glad air,
The grand old banner bear,
They loved to raise.
Still as its ample folds,
When'er unfurled,
Float in the sky,
There sacred Freedom holds,
In front of all the world,
Her standard high!

A WISH.

God bless you, fair St. John! and may you see
The glorious close of many a century!
May God so prosper you, with years of Peace,
That strife shall be unknown, and "wars shall cease,"
And all your Fields and Flocks shall yield increase
As long as Time shall last, or seas shall roar
In restless roll along thy Rock-bound shore!

J. E. U. N.

Long ere the dawn can claim the sky,
The tempest rolls subservient by;
While bells on all sides ring and say
How Christ the Child was born to-day.

Some butterflies of snow may float
Down slowly, glistening in the moat,
But crystal-leaved and fruited trees
Scarce lose a jewel in the breeze.

Frost diamonds twinkle on the grass,
Transformed from pearly dew,
And silver flowers encrust the glass
Which gardens never knew.

Oh, such a wee white stocking
As Clare by the fireside hung,
When the Christmas Eve fire was waning,
And the Christmas Eve hymn was sung.

Oh, such a wee, wee stocking,
So dainty, so snowily white,
That she hung on a branch of green holly,
Ere bidding us all good-night!

